

Yes I Am an Alien

MC Lars

Bam! I'll explode, just like I were a bomb
Flying over Vietnam high with my Uncle Tom.
Or sitting in a cabin having a sip of tea,
While a parrot sings a song in the minor key of C
To inspire me, so we will see
This neurotic harmony that develops sonically.
I'll be writing my plan out with a needle.
I'll make you twist and shout and think I was Beatle
Like Lennon or Stalin in a car that won't start.
If your Volvo is stallin' then you need to learn the art
Of mechanics. Don't panic, even though I'm galvanic!
I'm the only non-Hispanic on the Mexican Titanic.
My loops go round and round, just like a carousel,
Coming out my BR-8, like I was William Tell.
If you haven't heard my name, I hope it rings a bell,
Because I'm the only guy who knows what happened at Roswell.

Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, I come from outer space.
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, I'm going to rock this place.

Some people say I'm not funny, I say okay,
I can't sell records here, I'm huge in the UK.
British people tell me to keep rocking on,
You might have heard me down in London rocking heads with this song.
I was sad when I found out about Santa Claus,
So I made like Tim Allen and broke some local laws.
I moved way up north and grew a beard,
Now relatives and friends think I'm kind of weird.
But did you think I was heretic when I danced in that church
Like an unemployed crustacean chewing on a birch?
I'm addicted to shark meat and books by Mark Twain
And eating Novocain shipped from the Ukraine.
My name's not Matthew, but thanks for asking!
I live in California, because I'm not Alaskan.
But that's okay, what can I say?
My real home is actually light years away.

Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, I come from outer space.
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, I'm going to rock this place.

You want poetry? Go read Robert Frost.
The simile in hip-hop is essentially lost,
Like a tearful pallbearer carrying a body,
Or a giant pink Care Bare acting snotty.
Where can it go? I just don't know,

But check out this funky alphabet flow:
It's like A-B-C-D-E-F-G,
H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O-P,
And ICP on LSD,
Or ABC or MTV,
Or the new PC you got for free
From Circuit City in Albuquerque.
I be the VIP MC on this CD.
The name's MC Lars, as you can see.
So where do I start, and where do I begin?
Yo, it's tough to be a funky fresh alien.

Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, I come from outer space.
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, yes I'm an alien,
Yes I'm an alien, I'm going to rock this place.

I come from outer space.

I'm going to rock this place.